Price 5 Cents. Established 1878

UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN."

VOLUME LI. CHICAGO, AUGUST 20, 1903. NUMBER 24

AND perfect the day shall be, when it is of all men understood that the beauty of Holiness must be in labour as well as in rest. Nay, more, if it may be, in labour; in our strength, rather than in our weakness; and in the choice of what we shall work for through the six days, and may know to be good at their evening time, than in the choice of what we pray for on the seventh, of reward or repose. With the multitude that keep holiday, we may perhaps sometimes vainly have gone up to the house of the Lord, and vainly there asked for what we fancied would be mercy; but for the few who labour as their Lord would have them, the mercy needs no seeking, and their wide home no hallowing. Surely, goodness and mercy shall follow them all the days of their life; and they shall dwell in the house of the Lord—forever.

Ruskin's "Lectures on Art."

CONTENTS.

PAGE
Notes 395
Bribery and Boodling 397
The Race Problem 397
Chester Covell—SEWARD BAKER 399
The Feet of the Young Men—MARY AUSTIN 399
My Recollections of Emerson—CAROLINE M. SEVERANCE .. 400
Higher Living XXXVII.—SMITH BAKER, M. D 401
THE STUDY TABLE— PAGE
Round Amre Rock 403
"The Call of the Wild" 403
Notes 403
THE SUNDAY SCHOOL—
Third Series—Citizenship and the Duties of a Citizen—W. L. SHELDON. Appendix to Chapter IV 404
Song—WILLIAM WATSON 405
At the Old "Gool" 404
THE FIELD—
Our Tower Hill Letter—ANNE B. MITCHELL 405

Unity Publishing Company, 3939 Langley Avenue, Chicago.

APPRECIATIVE READERS OF UNITY.

From a friend in Maine:

"UNITY has been a pleasant visitor to me since early in 1889, when Mr. Hosmer received my subscription. When I have read the papers they go to others who enjoy but cannot afford to pay for them. With best wishes for your welfare and success."

From a Wisconsin minister:

"UNITY's visits are always welcome, and I only wish I were better able than I am to give it some financial aid."

From an Oak Park friend:

"I have had UNITY since the first number and no money brings me such good return. Wish I could help make up some of those back numbers that are wanted, but mine have all gone promptly on missionary work."

From a principal of a Wisconsin High School:

"Yours is the most sensible religious paper I have seen."

From a friend in Massachusetts:

"I cannot do without your paper, so true to the highest principles of humanity."

From a lawyer in California:

"Of course I could not get along without UNITY."

From a friend in Iowa:

"I have taken UNITY so long I do not know just when I commenced. I do not always agree with UNITY, but its mission is a noble one, and if I had the money to spare I would send many of my friends a year's subscription."

From a friend in California:

"Because of the increasing and unrivaled excellence of UNITY, I am compelled to subscribe for a second copy. It is loaned and borrowed and begged, till, in place of 'all rights reserved,' none are left me. I rejoice to share with friends who profess and are capable of appreciation, and if sent by mail comply with my test in post-office Mission work, which is occasional acknowledgment; persons who absorb and make no sign are crossed off my list. But even with these I call worthy, when I draw attention to the terms of subscription—'only two dollars'—the response is almost stereotyped: 'Yes, but we "take in" so many periodicals now'—and I know the list too well—'till we can't afford another dollar.' Even so, a year's subscription would mean one pair of 'party gloves,' one car fare, or one cigar a week. No! Emersonian thought and the highest liberal thought of today come high—way out of reach! I in my poverty am as one rich. I will have a second copy and discriminate a little sharper as to its circulation.

"The tide of enthusiasm for Emerson and Channing now sweeping through our hearts is at high-water mark; it must subside, but with many never again to fall to dead low-tide; this noble centenary commemoration has created an impetus raising previous reverence to worship which will win souls to higher, nobler flights of spiritual attainment than possible without its aid."

UNITY

VOLUME LI. THURSDAY, AUGUST 20, 1903. NUMBER 24

Recently we called attention to the first volume of proceedings of the Religious Education Association and at that time commended the association to our readers. A thirty-two page pamphlet setting forth the purposes, methods and aims of this organization is at hand and can doubtless be obtained for the asking. Send stamp to executive office of the above organization, 155 La Salle street, Chicago. This is both a challenge and an opportunity to teachers, preachers and parents.

The *Universalist Leader,* July 18, has a portrait of Rev. Reginald J. Campbell of London, England, a member of the Episcopal Church, who says: "Universalism permeates the entire Evangelical church of England." Sure enough, for it permeates the entire religious world. The number of those who really believe the opposite doctrine of endless punishment, which implies an absolute separation of humanity into two classes, one doomed to everlasting bliss and the other to everlasting woe, are very, very few and their number is growing rapidly less year by year.

"Self government" is the latest thing in school management. This is doubtless a good thing, perhaps the best thing, but the prime emphasis had better be placed for a while yet on the noun rather than on the adjective. The child needs government. The school should inculcate a respect for law. Peace, obedience and faith, according to John Ruskin, are the three prime aims of education. The second point is too much left out of the life of the modern child. The new education does not educate unless it introduces an element of discipline. The sooner a child realizes that the world is not run for its benefit, and still less that the common life can not be subordinated to its whims, the less trouble there is in store for the child farther on. Perhaps a wise "shake up" once in a while has its pathological value to the spirit as well as to the body.

An attractive feature of one of our Chicago Sunday papers is a page entitled "Lay Editorials." On this page prominent men and women not on the editorial staff are given an opportunity to express their opinions on living issues. The practice is a good one. We know of no good reason why the editorial columns of a paper should not be open to forceful expression of editorial principles and policies. In this conviction we take the liberty this week of placing ex-Governor W. D. Hoard of Wisconsin on our editorial staff without his consent. It is none the less to our purpose that it has already been printed in Governor Hoard's own paper, the *Jefferson County Union.* Ex-Governor Hoard has a right to speak as one having authority. He himself has passed through the fire, and has been tried and not found wanting. His "political death" has left him a very live man.

"The latest advance in New York's department of public charities" is said to be a provision for "a cottage colony for the aged and infirm." This sounds attractive, but when we come to read that these "cottages" are to be three stories high and accommodate from thirty to thirty-five inmates the "cottage" picture vanishes. There is something better than this further on—actual cottages, at least for married couples, so ruralized that the home element is preserved and the cost of supporting them greatly reduced. Thousands of old people who are now entertained at elegant "poorhouses" with all the modern improvements, would be far more contented if they were allowed the quiet possession of a humble hut of their own, eqiuipped with an old-fashioned cook stove and a couple of rocking chairs, with a cash stipend much lower than the present "economical" arrangement in these institutions. There let the old people cook their own food, make and mend their own clothing, sleep in their own beds and die in their own homes. Something like this is coming further on. What of this "age pension" people are talking about?

The various social clubs of Chicago have troubles of their own just now. The city administration has concluded that whiskey is whiskey whether taken out of a cut glass decanter in a luxurious club room or from a black bottle behind a greasy saloon counter, and if it is just for the saloon man to take out a license, it is quite as just that the club should do so. This ruling seems to have shocked the silk stockings and disturbed the complacency of the residents on the boulevards. These fashionable clubs seem to fall into three classes. A goodly number, like the University Club, has meekly submitted and taken out a license, and the tipple of the college graduates will be seasoned with a sense of righteousness. The populous and popular Athletic Club has closed down its bar and, according to the papers, is "lying low to watch developments." Meanwhile, the man who gets hot chasing a little ball in the racket court must go dry. The Union League Club, that is supposed to represent the highest public spirit of Chicago, has (at present writing) "not taken action." Many other clubs are said to be waiting to see what attitude is taken by this club. We trust that this is not a spasm of consistency but a development of justice that will stay. If the drayman

must pay a license tax on his beer, why should not the millionaire also pay a license tax on his wine?

The *Record-Herald* of Chicago gives some figures which deserve wide publication because they provoke some sane reflections concerning the insane fanaticism that would justify the anarchy and brutality now so rife in this country. In talking about the "usual crime" in a recent editorial, this paper says that, counting as true all the legal charges against colored men for perpetrating the "usual crime," including all the lynchings and legal hangings, there were but thirty-eight such assaults in the United States last year. This makes one negro chargeable to this crime out of every 200,000 negroes in the United States, while in Cook County (Chicago), sixty-three indictments were found on a similar charge, or one to every 30,000 persons of all colors, or, we quote, "The southern negro makes a showing almost seven times better than that of the population of Chicago." We are persuaded that there is a large body of suppressed facts in this discussion which would throw much light upon this gruesome subject and ameliorate if not dispense the hysterical habit of a rapidly increasing class of people both North and South. Lawless passion and brutal outbreaks of the same are not a matter of sex or of color, as the ever increasing number of mulattoes testifies. Every such child born is an indisputable witness to the sensuality and, to a degree, the bestiality of white men.

The American Unitarian Association begins its year with July first; at least its annual has fallen into the habit of appearing on that date. The issue for the current year is just out and represents the usual high typography that characterizes everything that comes from this source. A picture of the new Channing statue, dedicated June first, forms the frontispiece. It contains the usual lists of ministers, churches and Unitarian organizations. Its necrology contains the names of James K. Appleby, George Sumner Ball, John Stilman Brown, Frederick O. MacCartney and Horace Webster Morse as the Unitarian ministers who have "crossed the bar" during the year. In the list of periodicals on page 168 UNITY finds itself enrolled. We do not feel uncomfortable in this company. We find ourselves in genial companionship with the *Christian Register, Every Other Sunday, Old and New,* and the *Pacific Unitarian,* the four other journals represented in the list, but clearly we do not belong in this list without a modifying explanation, and as clearly we do belong in this list with such an explanation. UNITY is *not* a "Unitarian periodical" in the sense that these other publications confessedly are. UNITY is non-sectarian in its claim and practice, inter-denominational and not denominational in its spirit. It is confessedly the organ of the Congress of Religion, which in spirit and letter is pledged to the position just indicated. In so far as we are considered worthy the confidence and fellowship of the Unitarians, singly and collectively, we rejoice and are grateful for any recognition of the fact. But the Unitarian denomination should not be regarded as responsible for our utterances. UNITY is not of the Unitarian movement, though it hopes to be often with and always for it. We appreciate the fellowship implied in this inclusion, and, with the adition of a line or a word hinting at the real situation, the publication of our name in this connection would be a just recognition of the existing condition, just as the appearance of "All Souls Church, Chicago," is "justified by the insertion of the word" Independent after the title. The suggestion considered at the last annual meeting of the Association, that of publishing a list of affiliated churches, organizations and publications, would, if carried out in a liberal spirit, greatly add to the convenience as well as to the significance and potency of this admirable Annual. The Publication Department reports seven new books published during the year, with commendable industry in other directions.

The child labor law that has recently become effective in Illinois is being submitted to the severest test. Employers of illicit child labor are busy in discovering methods of evasion both in direct and indirect ways. Certain industries are serving notice on the communities whose interests they are supposed to augment, and the public in general, that they will have to "close business" if the law is literally executed. Others are making a show of keeping the letter, but are breaking the spirit of the law, and still a third, and we trust the larger class, are honestly trying to adjust their business to new conditions. On the other hand, the State Factory Inspectors, of which Edgar T. Davies is chief, are doing their best to educate the public and those most directly concerned to the requirements of the law. A package of documents is at hand which includes a sample of the age and school certificate, a copy of the law, a letter of instructions to principals of schools and one to the employers. This contains a digest of the law, which provides that no child under fourteen years of age shall work for wages; no child between fourteen and sixteen years of age shall be employed or permitted to work without the necessary age and school certificate from parent and school authorities. Employers must keep a register of all children under sixteen years of age, containing name, place of residence and age of child; no child under sixteen years of age shall be employed more than eight hours a day or forty-eight hours a week; no child under sixteen shall be permitted to work at any gainful occupation between seven p. m. and seven a. m. No such child shall be employed at any time in any theater, concert hall or place of amusement where liquor is sold; every child under sixteen years of age must be able to read and write or must be attending night school; and employers shall have the names of all child workers posted on the wall. Section eleven of the law contains a long list of employments in which no child under sixteen years of age is permitted to engage. All these requirements would seem to be

self-evidently wise, and still it is a serious menace to much that passes for legitimate industries. Witness certain figures offered in a recent number of the *American Co-operator* which quotes from the State Factory Inspector of Kentucky, who reports that out of 534 factories inspected 182 employ children under fourteen years of age. 401 such children can neither read nor write. Over 1,100 boys and girls under sixteen were operating machines. The state should join with religion and morals in saying that such industries as threaten to die under the new regime had better die quickly and save the proprietor from further iniquity.

Bribery and Boodling.

The revelations concerning the progress that bribery and boodling have been making all over the country, indicate a fearful breaking down of the sense of honor and patriotism among officeholders. It all grows out of a low, dishonorable standard of politics. Take the average machine politician everywhere, and he will be heard swearing at reform, swearing at the men who are striving to make our political house fit for decent, honest men to live in. It is a strange state of affairs, and it is stranger still, that for the sake of politics, for the sake of staying in with the machine, men who are supposed to be honest and decent, will fight every effort to take political power from corrupt rings and put it where it belongs—with the people. This, at the bottom, is the reason for the opposition which is manifest against the primary election law.

The scheming and dishonest politician will be found opposed to that law every time, and strange enough, with him will be found honest men who can not see the larger, better result to the cause of honest government that the law will work out.

Every attempt to take power from the few, who have stolen it, and place it back where it belongs, with the many—the people—raises, of course, a storm of opposition from the few. The old caucus system was, and still is, the starting point for the ringster and boodler. If the bribe-giver and boodler can say who shall be nominated to fill the offices, they can easily calculate that the people will vote for them under party nomination.

Who are being convicted in Missouri, in Washington, in Minnesota, and in other states, of selling their sworn trust for money? Are they common people? Oh, no! Every time it is the members of what is known as the political machine. Are these bribe takers and the politicians who stand in with them in favor of a primary election law? Oh, no! Are the big corporations and trusts, that furnish the money for the bribing and debauchment of legislators and officials—are they in favor of a primary election law? Oh, no! How significant is this situation. It would seem as though the path was clear, and a "wayfaring man, though a fool, will not err therein."

Governor La Follette and the men who stand with him have been struggling to place Wisconsin politics and its resultant, state government, on a basis of honesty and integrity. Such is the purpose of the primary election law. Wisconsin has its record of shame wrought by the machine politicians, as well as other states. Governor La Follette in his recent addresses in New York and elsewhere has told the story. He has turned the searchlight in that direction. At once every boodler and briber in the state raises a howl. "Turn off the light," they cry, "it's hurting the state." How sensitive to the honor of Wisconsin these men have suddenly become. Well, let it hurt. Let us have the light. Let the house-cleaning go on. We have had a government of the corporations and for the corporations and their friends long enough. Let us have a government of the people for awhile, and see how that will seem.

The question is deeper than party politics. It is a question of the preservation of representative government, of the right of the people to the control of their own affairs, the making of the laws and the selection of their own agents in the government. Governor La Follette is on the right track.

Go ahead, governor, and let the heathen rage!—*Ex-Governor W. D. Hoard in Jefferson County Union.*

The Race Problem.

Extracts from an address delivered at the Tower Hill Summer School, August 9th, 1903, by Jenkin Lloyd Jones.

"Whosoever shall do the will of my Father who is in Heaven, he is my brother."

"God hath made of one blood all nations of men to dwell on all the face of the earth."

"God is no respector of persons, but in every nation he that loveth Him and that worketh righteousness is acceptable to Him."

I am disposed to take these words of Jesus and Paul and Peter, which I have just quoted, seriously. I believe they meant what they said, and I believe they spoke the oracles of the Almighty. It is well in proper season to look upon the economic, social and physiological elements in this problem, but the statistics of trade, the revelations of the microscope, the traditions and prejudices of the past will never settle this question or any other question of right and equity. If we have fallen on evil times and there has come confusion into our nation at this time, if it seems to us that the three hundred thousand men whose bones are lying today in the national cemeteries of the United States have fallen in vain, that they fought nobly but not wisely; if we begin to distrust the wisdom of the sublimest autograph of modern history, the autograph of the benign Lincoln in the Emanicpation Proclamation—if we have come to confusion on this matter at this hour, it is because we have neglected our duties in the Sunday School and in the church; it is because the minister has spoken with "double tongue;" it is because our fathers and our mothers have neglected to gather their little ones around their knees and inculcate into their young hearts the blessed gospel of the Golden Rule and the mighty riches of the Beatitudes.

I am willing to count the statistics of the colored race. I challenge all the pages of history to show

a record of race elevation and progress from the time of Adam to today that is comparable to the rise of the black man from 1865 to 1903. But, granted, for argument's sake, that the colored man is inferior in organization, is handicapped in his body and incapable of rising to the elevation of poetry and art, preposterous as that claim is in the presence of the manifest demonstrations of history; still, if that be true, I recall the message of the gospel which says, "Feed my lambs," "Take care of my little ones," and "Whoever shall give to one of these little ones has done it unto me." If there be a brother whose brain is confined within the narrow walls of an unrelenting skull, if there be one whose veins carry a less inspiring measure of life, whose nerves are not attuned to the higher music, then may my feet be quickened as I hasten to his side, and may I be given strength to impart to him somewhat of the joy and inspiration of my life.

The settlement of this race problem at its foundation is found in the message of the old French lord who wrote upon his banner *"Noblesse oblige."* Show me the man who has the finer brain; show me the race that has the finer nerve; upon that man rests the severest responsibility—to lift up the lowermost; and upon that race rests the sublime obligation of bringing up the hindmost.

Pardon me if I indulge in a few personalities. When, at the outbreak of the Civil War, the beckoning hand of the University at Madison failed to hold me to the passion of my life and I marched away from Spring Green and faced the Southern leaden hail, I said then to my comrades in camp what I say now and have been saying ever since—that I went into the war, not for a flag, beautiful as that flag is; not to save a nation, great and magnificent as that nation was in its possibilities. I went in the interest of human liberty; because I was cradled in the thought of freedom; because my childish heart first wept over the fictitious story read to me in the Welsh translation of "Uncle Tom's Cabin." I went to free the slaves, and, much as I hate war—and I hate it increasingly—I would march every mile of that weary campaign of three years again if need be in order to make it possible for the son of a slave woman to rise through the functions of an elevator boy to become the poet laureate of the African race, welcomed into the courts of Europe, honored among the world's best and noblest.

When I took up my ministry in Janesville, now more than thirty years ago, I found in the barber shop in Janesville Dan Williams, now a surgeon who has a reputation on both sides of the ocean. He was the first to perform the operation of suture on the human heart successfully. Dan Williams played the 'cello in Harry Anderson's quadrille band for dances at that time, in the evening. He came into my classes and played his 'cello in my orchestra. He became stable boy for a Janesville physician. From stable boy he rose through the stages of office boy for this doctor, then his student, at length his representative in the College of Physicians and Surgeons in Chicago; in due time he graduated with honors; before graduating he became demonstrator in anatomy; he went steadily onward and upward, and helped to organize in Chicago the Provident Hospital, to which white as well as black people are admitted. I have visited the wards time and time again and found colored tenderness, colored skill, colored science, taking care of the mangled bodies of the boastful Anglo-Saxon race, and they are fortunate who find attendance in the Provident Hospital of Chicago, as every physician in the city knows.

Alongside of Dan Williams in the Janesville barber shop stood Charles Bentley, and he is now Dr. Bentley, an eminent dentist of Chicago. And in the quadrille band of Janesville, and the second violin in my orchestra in the church, was the dwarfed hunch-back son of Harry Anderson, cruelly twisted by disease and deformity. He is but a poor bit of humanity, tied into a bowknot, physically speaking, but he is today the efficient manager of the Provident Hospital. He has first-class executive ability united with the negro's gift of music. He sings songs full of tenderness and pathos.

There is but one solution of this race problem, and that is to take a man for what he is worth, be he black, white or yellow. Take a man for what he can do. If we must have an intelligence test at the polls, let us have it; make it as high as you please, but turn the screws on the stupid and ignorant white man as well as on the black man. Play fair in this game of life. "Quit your meanness." The white men of the old regime never tire of telling of the loyalty and tenderness of the "old mammy," and thousands upon thousands of honorable white citizens in the South are willing to confess their love and indebtedness, next to the mother who bore them, to the black woman who nursed them. She is allowed to ride in the white folks' car. She is trusted and beloved, and worthily so. There is a wealth of emotion and affection in these children of the sun. The race which has such fidelity and heart-warmth has possibilities of culture, has material for civilization which the coming centuries will realize. Many a high-stepping Southern dame is proud of a trace of Indian blood. I speak the sober word of the sociologist and the ethnologist when I say that down in the coming centuries the same will be said of negro blood. Race is as fluid as water. Science demonstrates the words of the psalmist, "A thousand years in thy sight are but as a day." Races go up and come down. The old schemes of ethnology do not hold.

What is the meaning of the sub-marine wire? What is the prophecy of Marconi's wireless telegraphy? What is the meaning of our system of exchange that enables me to put my five hundred dollars in a bank at Chicago and draw it out as I want it at any place large enough to afford a bank on the face of the globe? Are we going to keep up this miserable fiction of permanent race lines and race distinctions in the face of this splendid cos-

mopolitanism that is girdling the world, in the face of a demonstrated common brotherhood?

We are forced to recognize the common ties that bind each to each. This is not degeneracy; this is not making a mush of humanity. The farmer has made marvelous improvement in the quality of stock by cross-breeding. Some day we shall learn that the same inevitable law holds good with the human race. Wherein lies the glory of the Anglo-Saxon race? In the fact that it is a compound. The Anglo-Saxon clock has already struck twelve and is beginning to run down. Unless it remembers that the race is not for the swift and the battle is not for the strong, that it is the "meek that inherit the earth," its days are numbered.

To say the same thing in another way, the only solution of this question is a religious one. If there be but one colored man in the South who has proved his versatility, who has demonstrated his worth and ability, who has become a leader of men, that man is entitled to all the rights and privileges of our constitution and ought to have them if it takes every able-bodied man from the Atlantic to the Pacific to enforce those rights.

But when everything else has been said, there is always the final, conclusive argument, "How would you like your daughter to marry a nigger?" It is to be presumed that when every negro in America has every sacred right that his Creator has endowed him with, white women will retain virtually the same tastes and instincts that they possess today, even though such instincts should now and then lead one of them to prefer a decent negro to a white scoundrel.

I plead for the application of the Gospel in this question, not simply for our colored men, God bless them—they have the best of the bargain. I plead today in the interest of the South, in the interests of humanity, of our young men, of our young women, of our white men. I would rather be the negro, insulted and robbed of his rights than be the white man who robs him. I would rather belong to the down-trodden than to the arrogant, conceited, triumphant race. You can not down a man under the providence of God by wrong, but you can soften your own brains, you can harden your own hearts, you can cheat yourself of your own inheritance by your meanness and your cruelty.

One word in regard to solving the problem by emigration. We have 9,000,000 negroes to deal with. Suppose we began to send them to Africa at the rate of 200 a day; it would take 150 years to send the 9,000,000, and there would be many more at the end of that time. It would be a physical as well as a moral impossibility to accomplish such an exodus. The God of the universe has decreed that "all nations shall live together on the face of the earth." Let us all be willing to go up or down on our merits. I for one shall be only too proud if I may prove myself worthy of a place in the assembly wherein such men as Professor Du Bois and Booker T. Washington are gathered. I shall then be in good enough company.

Chester Covell.

The last that earthly friends could do for our dear "Father Covell" was done yesterday afternoon when the funeral services were held in the beautiful little chapel, re-dedicated to his memory less than a year ago, and the earthly house of clay, made sacred by the indwelling of so noble a spirit, was borne to the little cemetery by the side of a beautiful streamlet and then lowered to its last resting place under the evergreens, in the presence of many tear-stained faces. The friends, as well as myself, deeply regretted that the senior editor of UNITY could not be present to speak a word from an intimate acquaintance and friendship of over a quarter of a century. Sincerely yours,

SEWARD BAKER.

Sheffield, Ill., Aug. 8, 1903.

The Feet of the Young Men.*

Where the nations sat in council, scarlet robe and purple hem,
From the four-went ways of travel came the poor of God to them,
Came the blind of right and reason, came the halt of rule and law,
Came the feeble feckless peoples, crying dole of all they saw.
"Lo, to you God giveth bread,
Break a crust to us," they said,
"We have eaten fruit of bondage to the core,"
"Take and eat," the nations cried,
"There is freedom;" but they lied,
And the young men's feet were at the door.
All we know of truth to God-ward, all we can of love beside,
All our good sword arm hath won us," quoth the nations, but they lied,
Bid them wait upon the scarlet, puppet to the purple hem—
As they dealt with hungry peoples, so the Lord hath dealt with them.
They have felt the threshing flail,
They have passed beyond the pale,
To the limbo of lost empires, gone before.
They were stricken in their pride,
They are dead, because they lied,
And the young men's feet were at the door.
Though your word shall run with power, and your arm reach over seas,
Yet the questing bolt shall find you if you keep not faith with these;
Lest you be at one with Egypt, lest you lie as Rome lies now
In the potter's field of empires, mint and cummin, keep the vow,
Keep the faith your fathers made,
Lest your children grow afraid,
Lest you hear the captives' mothers weeping sore.
There is little worth beside—
They are dead, because they lied,
And the young men's feet are at the door.

Mary Austin, in The Land of Sunshine, February, 1900.

*Printed by request.

They are poor who have lost nothing; they are poorer far who losing have forgotten; and they most poor of all who lose and wish they might forget. For life is one and in its warp and woof there runs a thread of gold that glitters fair, and sometimes in the pattern shows most sweet where there are somber colors. It is true that we have wept. But oh, this thread of gold! Let us turn off and look back upon its wondrous web and when it shineth sometime we shall know that memory is possession.

—*Jean Ingelow.*

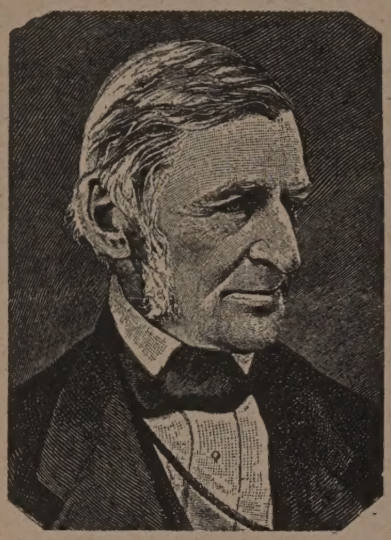
There is nothing that makes men rich and strong, but that they carry inside of them. Wealth is of the heart, not of the hand.

—*John Milton.*

1803 MAY TWENTY-FIFTH 1903

RALPH WALDO EMERSON

A CENTENNIAL APPRECIATION.



(Copyright.)

X.

Recollections of Emerson.

Caroline M. Severance.

Dear Friends: You have honored me by asking for my recollections of Emerson; our foremost man of letters, our poet, philosopher and prophet, and it is with pleasure, most modestly, that I lay my simple "rose-leaf on the mantling tide" of tribute at this centennial time.

My first personal meeting with Mr. Emerson came through his lecturing trip to the West in the late '40s and early '50s. His books had won their way but slowly to our frontier states. Rev. Mr. Forbush and A. Delango of the Unitarian fellowship, had rallied a small group of liberal thinkers in Cleveland, Ohio, their own home, and had thus helped to prepare a welcome to such speakers as Emerson, Browne, Alcott and Thomas Parker, whose high themes on unpopular topics did not appeal strongly to the general public. Partisan meetings were thus secured of small audiences who listened reverently, somewhat awed by the fame of Emerson, but soon won by the rare benignity, simplicity and sweetness of his nature, which shone out in his radiant smile, and the rich sonorous voice which made a musical setting for his superb thought. He seemed to us then to be, as James Russell Lowell said of him later, "living in a divine air, and bringing messages from that superhuman sphere." And we were sent with illumined eyes and kindled hearts to his books as they came out.

On our removal to Boston in 1855 we found Emerson speaking to select but worshipful audiences at Niemann Place Chapel—audiences so appreciative that the peculiarities of his hesitating delivery gave only an additional charm, because they were his.

To meet him thereafter, if only on the street, made the day memorable and uplifting. To see him enter any company was to note the nobler atmosphere; how his mere presence put to flight all small talk, all serious grief or lesser worries.

We had later the greater delight of his hearty endorsement of our "New England Woman's Club's" initiation, at a public meeting in Chickering Hall, in May, 1868; of his generous talks before it, and of readings from manuscripts to be given to the public later. On these occasions he honored the club by writing down their comment or criticism. Of course he received only approval from the few who dared venture even that, Mrs. Julia Ward, Mrs. Edna D. Cheney, Elizabeth Peabody and other scholary members.

An incident in one of these papers put me under personal obligation as revealing me to myself. In mentioning a French woman who was a delighted attendant upon the famous salons of the time, but not one of the world-known members, he said that she described herself as "having only the gift from God of loving superior persons," and I found myself classified to my comfort.

We had also the delight of meeting and hearing Emerson at the monthly meeting of the famous and unique "Radical Club," in the ancestral home of Rev. John T. Sargent, where all honest and able students of vital questions in literature, morals or politics were welcomed, and where Emerson's profound grasp and impartial treatment of these made him an acknowledged leader and a reconciling influence.

Another superior delight was in hearing him read, with impassioned emphasis, his "Boston Hymn" at the crisis of the Civil War to the immense and electric audience in Music Hall—a momentous event in one's life.

Another experience quite out of the usual on his part occurred when the collector of the port, the popular and gifted son-in-law of Father Taylor of Bethel memory, Col. Thomas Russell, had invited a few friends to join him and Mr. Emerson in a trip on the "Revenue cutter," to visit, en route, the training ship for boys then anchored in the harbor. The sail was a joy, the companions charming. But when Mr. Emerson was called upon to address the boys, it was a strain upon our sympathies, so difficult it seemed for the dear poet-philosopher to get in touch with them! The sincerest sympathy was in his heart, we knew, but not the skill of practice in that novel line. The art of gleaning knowledge, even wisdom, as he often declared, from the unlettered coach drivers, beside whom he enjoyed riding for that purpose, or from the sailors on the shore, was easy and natural to him. But in this he was distanced by the least scholarly of the visitors.

Many delightful and inspiring glimpses I had from time to time, through visits to the Alcotts, to the hospitable home of Mrs. Horace Mann and through the generous courtesy of her sister, our "Saint Elizabeth" Peabody—by which I learned to know the rare charms of beautiful and peaceful Concord, in citizens and in scenery—a thoroughly American and democratic community, from "its first citizen" to all lesser ones. My latest glimpse of it was on a return visit from California, in meeting many of these and other fine guests at the sessions of the Concord School of Philosophy in the academic grove at the rear of the Alcott home, where the "modern Plato" beamed radiantly in his happy pride over the "dream come true," in the presence of the younger successors, who were there to forward the work with fine enthusiasm.

I had also an impressive hour at Emerson's grave in "Sleepy Hollow," so-called (but really a breezy, shaded height), in company of his friend and mine —an artist who generously made for me a fine water-color sketch of the glowing, rosy, granite boulder, so appropriately placed in its natural strength and simplicity, above the noble dead, and under the sturdy pines whose music he so well loved. Near his are the graves of neighbors beloved in life, the Hawthornes, Alcotts, Mrs. A. Samson, Thoreau, and others of

Concord's "nobility." Peace has come to them—and pilgrims from all lands, as to a holy shrine.

As to Emerson's books in prose and poetry, they seem to embody all our later progress in thought, in literature, morals and religion. They may well, therefore, be called the scriptures of the twentieth century, and of many later ones, it may be. I would implore those who have not already studied them thoroughly and resolutely to do so at once, and gain their broader outlook on life of service to their fellows, which latter rings through them all like a trumpet's call to the noblest duty and destiny. His own epitaph might have been: "He serves all who dares be true."

I would like to quote largely, but must forbear, referring only to Emerson's fearless portrayal and impeachment of the corruption of his times, in social life and in political, and to his pronounced attitude toward the effort for the recognition of woman as a citizen and a voter. At a "Woman's Rights Convention" in Worcester, Mass., in 1855, he said: "If you refuse her a vote, you will also refuse to tax her, according to our Teutonic principle; no representation, no tax." Again: "The new claim for woman to a political status is of itself an honorable testimony to the civil civilization which has given her a special status new in history."

Emerson's companionship with Margaret Fuller and recognition of her ideas and ideals, are practical proof of his attitude toward the sex; as were the facts of his bearing toward wife, daughter, and all noble women, of which you have already heard fully.

I am happy to add a striking instance of Mrs. Emerson's hearty sympathy with Mr. Emerson's views on this matter and her loyalty to her sex. Going to her one day when the movement had been set on foot in Washington by politicians of the baser sort, to place the word "male" in the United States constitution, to ask her signature to a protest against this effort, she exclaimed, before giving it, rising to her full height, with eyes aflame: "It can't be! Is it possible? Why, it is infamous! If it can be done I'll leave the country; it will not be my country any longer." Yes, my friends, the world has had in Emerson "assurance of a man," with the gifts and graces of both sexes—the man's virile strength of muscle and brain, the exquisite tenderness, purity of thought and of life which we call "womanly." It is not possible to put in words the impression which one gained by meeting him; the personal distinction, the gracious courtesy to the humblest. Blessed are those who have had the sight and learned to believe, as he did, in the divinity within each human soul now so little recognized and appealed to, so fearfully hampered and crushed by the un-Christian and un-American competitive conditions of our time. Yes, as a poet has sung of Emerson:

"Thou wert the 'morning star'among the living, ere
thy fair light had fled;
Now, having died, thou art to us as Bosporus—
giving new splendor to the dead;"

and we may add, new splendor to the living, since he "still speaks," and the world listens more and more.

As the bird trims her to the gale,
I trim myself to the storm of time,
I man the rudder, reef the sail,
Obey the voice at eve obeyed at prime;
"Lowly faithful, banish fear,
Right onward drive unharmed;
The port, well worth the cruise, is near,
And every wave is charmed."

From "Terminus"—Ralph Waldo Emerson.

Higher Living. XXXVII.

You cannot change ancestral feelings of what is right and wrong without what is radically soul-murder.—Stevenson.

If we would fain learn something of the Infinite, we must not sit idly repeating the formulas of other men and other days, but must gird up our loins anew and diligently explore on every side that finite realm through which still shines the glory of an ever present God for those who have eyes to see and ears to hear.—John Fiske.

It is in its readjustment into changed conditions of life and new views of the world that a people's faith best betrays whither its face is really set. That which conditions it then becomes the background against which we measure it.—President Wheeler.

The senses folding thick and dark
About the stifled soul within,
We guess diviner things beyond
And yield to them such yearning fond,
We strike out boldly to a mark
Believed in, but not seen.—Mrs. Browning.

All of us have our moral discontentments. We all think that society should be reformed in certain essential respects. Just to this degree each of us is moved to prescribe a rule of conduct in this case or that, since the publicity of the ethical judgment carries just this sort of presumption.—Baldwin.

All are agreed, scientist as well as educator and philopsopher, that adolescence is the time when religion, as a substitute for perfect understanding of and obedience to law, is apt to become an interest so warm and personal that it naturally gives direction to the course of future development.

During childhood religious feeling if experienced at all, is, with perhaps an occasional exception apt to be too superficial to be lasting. But when the adolescent once becomes aroused to the supposed importance of religion the verymost depths of human nature are touched. Under the sway of some passing excitement, or, as a result of inherited or early trained characteristics now first become consciously realized, the adolescent feels himself in the embrace of all that is holy, and realizes for the time being a kind of emotion so fascinating that it easily becomes "set" as a standard for judgment and practice, and for all future time. Heaven and earth now seem to meet in the heart of his own thought and feeling; henceforth, without question, heaven must surely draw near and envelopingly, while earth unclasps him as it recedes. Likewise does he feel sure that he must necessarily be on the way to significant conclusions and to equally important action.

Yet it must be said that early religious feeling, when thus understood and consequently mismanaged, as it so frequently is, may be, and unquestionably many times is, seriously detrimental to the future interests of the individual. Being thus set as a standard for guidance and attainment it simultaneously seems also to set a limit to the means used for realizing the best of life. If we note carefully, one after another, the people who from childhood to young lifehood have been regular attendants upon religious services, it seems very questionable whether we can truly say that, generally speaking, they have actually grown in grace and knowledge to any extent whatever corresponding to the sum total of accepted religious exercise. Of course it is often said by way of conclusive explanation that they have not had faith enough, and the like. But there is really no necessity in order to explain the paucity of results thus to malign these truly good people, even suggestively; the simple, sufficient fact is, that all the supposed needed means of grace were so early set for them in such a narrow measure that they have simply reaped the results of these limitations, and nothing else whatever; and this, simply because upon their impressionable natures the exclusive desirability of certain fixed results, crystallized forms, lifeless formulae and customs, was so impressed and fastened that they have never been able, or else have never dared, to grow, except within the stunting limits thus authoritatively fixed and presented.

The Way of Higher Living requires something more than this. It requires that the religious ideal be one of perennial growth; that the individual have absolute right thus to grow and to use every means which shall favor this progress; that from time to time fresh forms of expression shall be conceived and permitted in which to note such growth and accurately to convey to others notions both of process and results; and that results be estimated in terms of fidelity to growth, rather in those which express finalities of any kind. Nor should the growth encouraged ever be allowed to become one-sided. It is just as religious and certainly just as Christian to develop the body as the mind, and the mind as the spirit; the sin in either case being that one is unduly developed at the expense of the others.

Applying this to the commotional experiences of adolescence it seems incumbent that devotion to symmetrical and fullest growth, as the highest form of religious duty, should be early inculcated and persistently insisted upon. Simply because religious excitement tends to satisfy natural self-flattery is no reason why it should be allowed to set limits which shall interfere with proper attention to righteous discipline, either of mind or of body. Every lesson accurately learned, every social function properly enjoyed, every bit of manual labor rightly proposed and done, every walk and conversation cleanly directed, should be considered to be as much a Christian exercise as is prayer, or hymn, or exhortation. All of these, ordinary as well as exceptional experiences are truly Christian, however, only as they prepare the personality for truer, higher work all the life through. Daily life and all its duties, as the most direct voice of God in the soul, should be the object of adolescent religion, and this, no matter whether the immediate "feeling" is satisfactory or not.

For the adolescent, then, it no longer should suffice that he be expected to gain from the instruction of any one person, or the pursuit of any one line of instruction and thought, all that he needs for laying foundations for future struggles with sin and stress. This is not the world of twenty centuries ago. The stresses and emergencies of life do not confine themselves within the limits of Eastern intuitions and practices. It takes more of physique, more of mind, more of soul, a greater mass of personality in every sense to keep one's hope sure and steadfast now than in those old times, or in any of the past times in which Christian leadership has been dominant. What is needed is that every adolescent shall be surely and broadly grounded, not in critical controversialism, but in the principles of all true life and growth; shall be encouraged to see that the God of Bible truth is also the God of scientific truth, of moral truth, of literary truth, and of all manner of life-giving sources and helps. Let religion come to him as Faith in God, not faith in some particular notion of God; as faith in life, not in some crystalized conclusion as to its meaning; as faith in growth, not in some cowardly superstition which needs to be "defended." A faith that is worth while needs no defence from man. It affirms and defends itself. How misleading and destructive is the teaching that bases all on *forms* of faith, rather than on the *potent vitality* of faith, is seen in the numbers who today are all at sea in respect of such nonessentials as the "miraculous conception," the "resurrection of the body," the "trinity," and the like. Faith in these never saved anybody from anything. Faith in the life which permeates all good whether new or old saves everybody, young or old. In this faith every adolescent should be bred and instructed and trained so thoroughly that while no matter what shall come to him—grief, loss, pain, degradation, calumny—he shall be able courageously to turn his face Fatherward in the firm trust that inasmuch as He can do no wrong, so no essential wrong can prevail with his children. To him God should be the great Father Arm actuated by the sweet Mother Spirit, to whom all may turn, "even as little children," not with all sorts of literal befogments and silly exaltations of even biblical creatures above Creator, but with open-eyed confidence in His stability, good sense and wholesome regard for our crying needs in the midst of the wilderness of his life.

That such a faith shall actually result from direction of adolescent religious instincts, something by far more definite than is now commonly the rule should be seriously thought of. Half the trouble with present-day religious conceptions and practices comes from indefiniteness, both as to faith and its contents; an indefiniteness, too, which many of the peculiar kinds of biblical regard of the day do not serve to obviate. Today the Bible comes very near to being no Bible at all, so far as personal vital contact of the masses is concerned; while, to the more educated reader, it has come to be such a battleground for all sorts of ghostly revellings that he is apt to get tired of it all and to take to something else. While Matthew Arnold has restored the Bible to many of his kind, it needs another and greater than Arnold to bring it back to the home and private library for more constant use.

To this end, the home of every adolescent should be a spot where worship, not after some prescribed manner, but truly and effectively after the better promptings, shall be sustained. How to have this in this hustling age is somewhat of a question, and will continue to be so, until we find out that it is more worth while to live than merely to get a living—often so much beyond our needs. Yet, with the idea kept steadily in mind, home worship is even now possible, at least so far as everything essential to spiritual growth is concerned. First, let the Bible be expurgated of all that contributes not to spiritual edification, and then let the rest be read daily, even in the good old-fashioned way. Then, let the little volume, "Prayers of All Ages," or some equivalent of this, furnish prayers, which shall be read day by day in turn. These prayers, voicing the gratitude and aspirations of the day, as they most surely will, must certainly realize the influence of the very cream of spiritual instruction and inspiration and comfort. In addition, when convenient, and especially on Sunday, let certain of the better productions of the deeper natures be read, over and over, or committed to memory. A recent Christmas present included "Rabbi Ben Ezra," by Browning, "The Eternal Goodness," by Whittier, "Each and All," by Emerson, and "My Legacy," by Helen Hunt. What a goodly source of life would such a collection, if properly extended, be, especially if there were added readings from the stronger biographies, such, for instance, as from Froude's "Bunyan," Jackson's "Martineau," Chadwick's "Channing," and the like. But reading is not all. To make the true spirit of worship abide in the home perpetually, every meal should be looked upon as a communion service to be as distinctly in remembrance of the Christ as possible—yet not so much by actual conscious recognition as by dearest fellowship and noblest realization of this. That such a home communion table would do away with much of the common gossip, slander, triviality, harshness and grossness is beyond question. To doubly sanctify all this let the Heaven-turned heart regularly listen to, "Heavenly Father, we remember all thy goodness, thy will concerning us, our fellowship in the true life, and our constant need of the Christ-like spirit;" and be edified and assured accordingly. Surely, the adolescent, educated and inspired by such daily faith and reverence and devotion in the home, will seldom fail to have the beginnings of Higher Living so fashioned

in his heart that eventually his character will conform thereto. SMITH BAKER.

THE STUDY TABLE.

Round Amre Rock.*

Only the irrational will expect another book from the author of "Oldfield" of the same quality as that delightful book. Mrs. Gaskell wrote but "Crawford" and "Oldfield" had enough of the "Crawford" quality to make it a thing apart. But Mrs. Banks' new story is convincing that she is not a woman of one book. "Round Anvil Rock" stands firm enough on its own ground. It deals with a very interesting phase of early Kentucky life. There is frank confession in the preface that gentle violence has been done to some facts and relations; the Wilderness Road has been brought nearer to the Ohio River than it actually was; the Sisters of Charity have been born out of due time and Philip Alston, the gentleman adventurer of her story, is brought down a little further in the story than his life actually extended. Only the foolish people who go to novels for their history will object to these departures from a literal reality. It is hardly to be doubted that we have here the spirit of the life which men and women lived in southern Kentucky when the frontier was being pushed relentlessly westward. The setting of the story, natural and social, is managed excellently well, and so, too, are the characters, good, bad and indifferent, with hardly an exception. The affairs of the outlaws are invested with so much secrecy as is necessary to enhance their interest, especially the part taken in these affairs by Philip Alston, whose personality is admirably conceived. Two of the most delightful characters in the book are Father Tom and his horse Toby, with their appearance of a common consciousness. The good priest has ever been a favorite subject with the novelist and equally the good horse, and it was a happy thought to bring the two together. But, after all, it is upon the heroine of the book—Yclept Ruth—that it depends for its persistent and effective interest. Whether as off with the old or on with the new, or in her relations to Philip Alston, who stands to her in loco parentis, or in the simplicity of her unrelated character, she lights up the story with an unfailing charm and makes us all her lovers without blame.

The Call of the Wild.†

Mr. Kipling with his Jungle Stories and Mr. Seton-Thompson with his fantasies of animal life have raised up a host of imitators, whose business is to confuse the limits of the animal and human world. If Mr. Jack London is one of these, he has nevertheless a marked individuality. He tells an interesting and powerful story of a great dog who was stolen in California and carried off to Alaska, to drag a sledge for miners and mail carriers. We have plenty of man's inhumanity to dogs, and of dogs' inhumanity to each other. Sometimes we hardly know whether we are reading of dogs or of men, their vices are so much alike. Buck's struggle for the headship of the pack is reported in a vivid manner and he is taken through several stages of ownership and experience of different human character, the difference quite as marked as that of dogs and men. The "Cry of the Wild" is the dog's atavistic tendency, i. e., his tendency to revert to the life and character of his canine and vulpine forbears. In descriptions of the dog's memory of these, there is powerful imagination at the expense of truth and soberness. The presentation of the Alaskan scenery and climate and of the conditions of Alaskan life is admirable, so is the visualization of Buck's owners one after another. The only reversion is not that of the dog. The personal and social life of the Alaskan miner, searching for "yellow stuff," is subject to the same law. John Burroughs has made a severe criticism on this kind of thing, but if he should pronounce against Mr. London's book as unreal, we should hold fast to our opinion that it is an extremely powerful if not wholly pleasant book.

Notes.

Harper's Weekly for August 1 contains an illustrated article describing a new mono-railroad to be built between Manchester and Liverpool, England, which will carry passengers at the rate of over one hundred miles an hour, and with greater safety and comfort than is possible on the express trains of today. In the system to be used the engine and cars will rest upon a single rail, which is about half-way from the floor to the top of the car. By arranging the seats back to back, like a jaunting-car, the construction is such that each of the carriages straddles the rail and extends to trucks on either side below the floor. On these trucks are set wheels which lie horizontally and run ont the outside of two other rails. They thus act as steadiers and admit of very high velocity with safety, and make abrupt curves possible. The plan is to run an engine and one car every ten minutes, and the probability is that in time, for a radius of 100 miles around a large city, people can get in and out each day to their business within an hour.

I have a delightful volume, both in contents and makeup, entitled "The Ward of King Canute." While not strictly a historical novel, it is valuable in the same way that Scott's novels are valuable, as illustrative of historic periods. We shall look far for a better picture of those old English days, just after the Danish conquest As a love story it is complete. There is not an uninteresting or feebly drawn character in the book. King Canute is made to appear to the reader in the light that just history would place him in. It is rare that one can find so much of admirable description of nature, such life and action, such purity of character-drawing, such ennobling sentiment, all in one volume. The author of this book is Ottilie A. Liljencrancz.

A little volume bound in paper, entitled "An Essay on the Theory and Practice of the Christian Religion," is by Mr. P. R. Benson, and published by the author at Anoka, Minn. This is an effort to apply Christianity to common everyday life—to labor problems and strikes. It does not exhaust itself on questions pertaining to the Millennium and Paradise.

E. P. POWELL.

*"Round Amre Rock," a Romance by the author of "Oldfield," Nancy Huston Banks. New York: The Macmillan Company, 1903.

†"The Call of the Wild." By Jack London. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1903.

At the Old "Gool."

"Ten, ten and a double ten, forty-five and then fifteen!"
Stand you here, old friend of mine, close your eyes the while you lean
Your silvered hair against the wood that's silvered, too, by sun and rain,
—The butts of storms as well as we,—old aliens crawling back to Maine.
The driving sleet, the drifting snows have filched away the vivid red
That matched, as I remember it, the flaming top-knot on your head.
And this—so gaunt, so bent, so small—it seems, alas, a wooden ghost
Of what it was when it was "gool": the schoolhouse's old red hitching-post!
And ah, old friend, to lean your brow upon its crest you have to stoop;
—You had to stretch to reach its top in those old days of hide-and-coop.

"Ten, ten and a double ten,"
That's the way we counted then;
—Counted hundreds rapidly,
Begged the happy days to flee.
Moments were not precious then.
What we hoard today as men,
Then we flung in careless way;
Counting life as when at play;
"Blinding" at the old red post,
We strove to see who'd count the most.
"Forty-five and then fifteen,—"
Lavish then: ah, now we glean
On our bended knees as men
What we flung uncounted then.
Friend, old friend, the past troops back
With all its smiles and all its sighs,
When I was "It,"
And the world was lit
By the star-shine of two soft brown eyes.

"Ten, ten and a double ten, forty-five and then fifteen!"
That talisman of boyhood days has brought a sorrow that is keen.
And yet there's joy along with pain; let me bow my head here, too,
And here with brow upon this wood I'll tell you what you never knew.
You've asked me many times, old friend, the secret of an unwed life;
I'll tell you now; I loved but once; that girl loved you; she was your wife.
I loved her in those boyish days, but in Life's game of counting out
Fate's happy finger stretched to you, and I—poor awkward, bashful lout—
Just stepped aside. But 'twas all right! I'm not the sort to curse and whine,
My joy has been that she was yours, so long as she could not be mine.
—My joy, old friend, is now to say, as here we clasp this worn old post,
There is no heart-burn in my past, no shimmer of a jealous ghost.
For boyhood's lesson taught me this: 'Tis only some egregious fool
Who rails at Fate and storms the skies because some better man "tags gool."
I've been content to stand there, friend, while one by one the eager troop
Of boyhood's chums have won their goal in Life's more earnest hide-and-coop.
Thank God, old chum, we still clasp hands and pledge again our boyhood ties,
Though I've been "It,"
And your world is lit
By the star-shine of her soft brown eyes.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

Third Series.—Citizenship and the Duties of a Citizen.

By W. L. Sheldon.
Lecturer of the Ethical Society of St. Louis.

APPENDIX TO CHAPTER IV.

Memory Gem.

"The blood of man should never be shed but to redeem the blood of man. It is well shed for our family, for our friends, for our God, for our country, for our kind,—the rest is vanity; the rest is crime."—Edmund Burke.

Points of the Lesson.

I. That we need to have a country and a government in order to be protected from the attacks of other nations by war.

II. That we must have soldiers and an army for this purpose.

III. That it may be necessary for a government to keep an army in time of peace, in order to convince other countries that it could defend itself if necessary.

VI. That if a nation has a very large army, it may be tempted to enter upon war before the step is absolutely necessary.

V. That our country can get along with a smaller army because of its former policy of non-interference with the affairs of other nations.

VI. That if a nation has a very large army, it is tempted to enter upon war before the step is absolutely necessary.

VII. That it is the function of an army not only to protect a country in its life, but also in its rights in the face of other countries.

The Nation's Duty.

1. A Nation ought to protect itself and to protect its citizens in their rights from the attack of other nations.

Poem.

"How sleep the brave, who sink to rest,
By all their country's wishes blessed!"—Collins.

Classic for Recitation.

"All hail to our glorious ensign! Courage to the heart, and strength to the hand, to which, in all time, it shall be intrusted! May it ever wave in honor, in unsullied glory, and patriotic hope, on the dome of the capitol, on the country's stronghold, on the tented plain, on the wave-rocked topmast. Wherever, on the earth's surface, the eye of the American shall behold it, may he have reason to bless it! On whatsoever spot it is planted, there may freedom have a foothold, humanity a brave champion, and religion an altar. Though stained in blood in a righteous cause, may it never, in any cause, be stained with shame. Alike, when its gorgeous folds shall wanton in lazy holiday triumphs on the summer breezes, and its tattered fragments be dimly seen through the clouds of war, may it be the joy and pride of the American heart. First raised in the cause of right and liberty, in that cause long may it forever spread out its streaming blazonry to the battle and the storm. Having been borne victoriously across the continent, and on every sea, may virtue, and freedom, and peace forever follow where it leads the way."—Edward Everett.

Further Suggestions to the Teacher.—It will be observed that there is really only one point to this whole lesson. The talk might center around soldiers and war. The main effort should be to arouse a sentiment of regard for one's country as the power which protects us, even at the expense of the lives of some of the citizens. Wide opportunity is offered for talking about soldiers and soldier life. Something could be said about the great national cemeteries in the South, and the thousands of nameless graves there. The pupils could be told of the thousands of simple

headstones marking the graves, many of which have only a number without any name inscribed on them at all. Of course it is very important that the young people should not be made to be enthusiastic over the *idea of war,* nor that the desire should be aroused in the boys for becoming soldiers. A great deal must depend on the way the teacher uses words or phrases, or throws emphasis on special words when talking over the subject with the members of the class. As regards the discussion concerning the necessity for war, and the fact that a government has to protect its citizens in their rights, there might be some further talk with regard to an experience where the rights of a citizen of one country were interfered with by a citizen of another country, independent of the government. Then would come the question what protection would be due in this case. In the way of figures as illustrating what war may involve, the followng items could be introduced as coming from "A Bird's Eye-View of the Civil War," by Theodore A. Dodge. "On January 1st, 1861, there were enrolled 16,376 soldiers in this country; and on January 1st, 1865, 1,377,460 soldiers,—including the numbers on both sides. In the four years between the attack on Ft. Sumter in '61, and the death of President Lincoln in '65, there had died by wounds or been killed in battle on the Union side, 110,070 men. The number dying from disease, due to service exposure, was 199,720 men. Including deaths from other causes in connection with the war, the total loss on the side of the North was 359,528 men. On the side of the South, the loss in battle or died of their wounds, was 94,000. Those perishing from disease would probably add 150,000 more. There are buried in the National Cemeteries, 326,000 Union soldiers. For an account of the wars of the United States, see page 242 to 250 in "Uncle Sam's Secrets," by Austin. If you can do so, in this connection I should get a picture of a typical soldier, perhaps a photograph of the bronze statue of "The Minute Man," at Concord, Massachusetts, commemorating the battle of Lexington, and along with that, I should try to get a picture of one or more of our National Cemeteries, as for instance, the one at Vicksburg. There is a good picture of "A Pilgrim Father in His Armor," on page 2 of "The Century Book for Young Americans." As for the Poem, it might be well to have the lines sung before the whole school. besides having them committed to memory and recited by some one member of the class.

Song.

Oh, like a queen's her happy tread,
And like a queen's her golden head!
But oh, at last, when all is said,
Her woman's heart for me!

We wandered where the river gleamed
'Neath oaks that mused and pines that dreamed.
A wild thing of the woods she seemed,
So proud, and pure, and free!

All heaven drew nigh to hear her sing,
When from her lips her soul took wing;
The oaks forgot their pondering,
The pines their reverie.

And oh, her happy queenly tread,
And oh, her queenly golden head!
But oh, her heart, when all is said,
Her woman's heart for me!

—*William Watson.*

The Year's Minstrelsy.

Spring, the low prelude of a lordlier song:
Summer, a music without hint of death:
Autumn, a cadence lingeringly long:
Winter, a pause;—the Minstrel-Year takes breath.

UNITY

PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY

THE UNITY PUBLISHING COMPANY

3939 Langley Avenue, Chicago

$2.00 PER ANNUM.

EDITORS.

JENKIN LLOYD JONES. WILLIAM KENT.

ASSISTANT EDITOR.

EDITH LACKERSTEEN.

EDITORIAL CONTRIBUTORS.

Jane Addams.	John Faville.	Henry M. Simmons.
Richard W. Boynton.	George W. Gilmore.	Frederick Starr.
Frederick W. Burlingham.	Fred. V. Hawley.	Joseph Stolz.
John W. Chadwick.	Emil Hirsch.	Hiram W. Thomas.
Francis A. Christie.	Albert Lazenby.	Oscar L. Triggs.
Joseph H. Crooker.	Charles W. Pearson.	R. A. White.
Frederick E. Dewhurst.	Granville Ross Pike.	E. P. Powell.

THE FIELD.

"The World is my Country; to do good is my Religion."

Our Tower Hill Letter.

It is the fairest of August days with the sun high In the heavens, a hazy mist over the hills, and a drowsy hum of insects in the air, as we gather for the Sunday morning service in Emerson Pavilion, set so closely in the midst of the trees as to seem like a temple not made with hands. Neither blue sky nor waving leaves are shut out from this spot where heart of man and heart of Good seem not far asunder. And surely never was there greater need of close connection between creator and created, for the perplexing "Race Problem" is here and is the burning question of the hour. And special representatives have been summoned to present the matter in all its phases. At the outset, however, we are told that the meeting is to be "a demonstration rather than an argument," wherefore we are prepared for a constructive treatment of the subject.

The opening speaker is the Hon. Robert L. Joiner, of Dodgeville, Wis., who presents a political view of the situation. His recourse is the amendments of the Constitution, one of which declares that if the right of an individual voter is interfered with, the privilege of representation shall be withdrawn from the offending party. He also makes the suggestion that inasmuch as the rich land of Africa lies idly unproductive, it might possibly be well for the hard pressed negro to find a friendly home in the country from which he had been rudely torn.

Following Mr. Joiner came the Rev. H. W. Jameson, pastor of the African Methodist Church at Madison, Wis. His appeal for the right of the negro to full citizenship by virtue of the value of his faithful service, not only to his master but to his country, was well substantiated by illustrative proof, while the present status of the degro declared itself triumphantly in the long line of successful achievements of the negro cited by Mr. Jameson. Not only in the field of invention, in medical and surgical professions, in telegraphy, in the making of musical instruments and mechanical appliances has the black man made himself prominent, but in art and literature as well. Is there not then abundant food for reflection in all these things? With the close of Mr. Jameson's address came the noon hour and the dispersal of the assemblage for an interval of rest.

Interest in the occasion was attested to in the afternoon by an attendance that overflowed the pavilion and compelled not a few to take refuge upon the sheltering and friendly steps at the entrance. The opening speaker in the afternoon was Mr. S. Laing Williams, a leading lawyer of Chicago, a man but one generation away from slavery,—a "pickaninny" from the shores of Georgia rescued, adopted and educated by a northern lieutenant, and now after the lapse of forty years a cultured gentleman and central figure in the Emerson Pavilion. Taking for his theme "Leadership in the South," Mr. Williams demonstrated in clear, scholarly and able fashion the fact that in the attempt of southern leaders to put old wine into new bottles, eighteenth century ideals into twentieth century demands and duties, disaster had followed. Present leaders make principles vital that belonged to the old South, hence a part of the people are served, the other part ruled. True leadership should be based on the principle of service to all the people. "When liberty ceases to be a progressive quantity it becomes a fixed tyranny," and so the argument went on clearly and convincingly, the final conclusion being that the old order must die, must give way to the vital and all-important demands of the new,—indeed, that it is now to all intents and purposes dead, in that the real leaders of the South today are such colored men as Booker T. Washington and Professor DuBois.

A brief word from the patriarch of the hillside, known to

the neighborhood as "Father Loomis," an early and zealous abolitionist, was followed by a heart-stirring address from Jenkin Lloyd Jones, with whose first words the perfunctory, the false, the conventional, fell away as at the stroke of a magic wand and tremendous verities stood revealed. Granting for argument's sake that the negro race is inferior, should we not all the more by every sacred law of right protect it? Have not the oracles of the Almighty declared that we shall take care of the little ones, hasten to the side of the helpless, feed the lambs, and make even the lowest to be highest? Not a matter this for statisticians, but a matter for religion to deal with; and because Sunday School and church have neglected the Golden Rule and the beatitudes these things have come.

Interesting personal sketches of the speaker's individual experience as a Union soldier were given, in which illustration after illustration testified to the ability of the negro to respond quickly to educational opportunity. The "boys in black" bore all the cruel weapons of war about them, it is true. But if the cartridge box hung at one side of the belt, none the less did they carry on the other side Webster's Elementary Spelling Book.

It goes without saying that the pathetic request of the sergeant of the colored troops to the Welsh soldier lad, "if I will get someone to take care of your horse will you give my boys a lesson in spelling?" met with ready acquiescence. The unlettered slave boy of nineteen years at the time of the Civil War, to whom an Indiana chaplain opened the door of knowledge through which he quickly passed, and by untiring exertion gained entrance into and graduation from college life and who is now at the head of a flourishing educational institution in Alabama; the "brush and bootblack" boy developing into the celebrated surgeon, the physically afflicted lowly servitor becoming not only the executive but the genius of Provident Hospital, and the singing voice of his people, are not fairy tales but matters of vital fact. Wherefore the conclusion is that development is not a matter of centuries but of opportunity. The colored man has demonstrated his ability to take on culture. Races are fluid as water, they ebb and flow, go down and come up. Cosmopolitanism is girdling the world, the feeling of brotherhood growing, common ties are strengthening, races and nationalities commingling.

The solution of the matter then is, "to take a man for what he is worth, for what he can do, be he Asiatic, European or African. Play fair, quit your meanness, and you will have a friend and ally in this colored man touched with poetry and emotion." The fervor, feeling and entire self-surrender of the speaker gave an unspeakable emphasis to his tribute to his colored brother.

With the evening hour came another kind of meeting. Mr. Jameson, the speaker of the morning, but two generations away from "savagery" (to use his own words) gave interesting illustrations of the song-lore and folk-lore of his people, and although many supposed that they were familiar with well nigh every phase of slave life, yet were they speedily undeceived. As the graphic pictures unfolded before the inner vision it was like a sword-thrust in the heart to learn anew what these patient people had borne. Forbidden to congregate after dark and constantly under close surveillance of plantation overseer and plantation "negro-catcher," yet had these people a system of communication that would reach for miles around, and even as the ancient Greeks had fire signals from mountain top to mountain top, so had this oppressed race "singing" signals. African mammy creeping out from her cabin in the still night watches, crying in a long-drawn-out melodious monotone "Steal away—steal away—steal away to Jesus," drew negroes together from within a radius of ten miles, and there in the darkness and sheltered lowlands of the valley these captive ones poured out their hearts, not in curses, but in song—yet a song which was ever and always in a minor key.

Think, ye happy ones who throw your voices out on the air in full resounding major strains, think of a song music in which all these full and joyful sources of sound are voiceless and dumb! The picture of this stealthy, muffled gathering of those who having no freedom anywhere on earth could yet chant with the utmost fervor, "I am glad salvation's free," and

> "I am listening all the day long,
> I am listening all the night long,
> To hear what Jesus say"

is an unspeakable one.

Totally blind and insensate are we if we fail to realize the richness and beauty of natures capable of coining out of the life blood of their hearts a musical utterance strangely beautiful, movingly and wondrously pathetic. And to depict Mr. Jameson's rendition of this music is quite impossible. The steady sustaining of the voice in a long, low minor strain as of wind sighing in the trees, or the gentle swelling of an organ tone, was an artistic performance of no mean quality, suggesting the possibility that the negro may yet write the story of his race in an epic of far-reaching song. Certainly the history of this one day alone, with its artistic and scholarly representatives of a despised race, rebukes not only our civilization, but our intelligence and power of appreciation.

The new week opens with the Science Class of Mr. Thomas Lloyd Jones, in which there is an interesting explanation of crystallization and its accomplishing processes, after which follow the Scripture lesson class and the literature class of our leader, Jenkin Lloyd Jones. The first of these classes, but a half hour in length, has for its present subject the consideration of those who have contributed to the enlargement of science, and includes such master minds as Copernicus, Newton, Lyell and Charles Darwin, the character and life of Darwin being dwelt upon with emphasis and high appreciation. The literature class follows, which has for its subject the first volume of John Ruskin's "Præterita," a work which stands alone in its frank revealment of the inner and outer life of a sensitive soul. Unflinching in detail is it and clothed with the characteristics of the writer, who portrays himself and his surroundings with an integrity entirely free from egotism.

The attention of teachers is called to the work as being "indirectly a handbook of pedagogy." The education of this highly endowed child, vigorous and conscientious, developing and cramping,—gives abundant food for reflection. The study of John Ruskin in "Præterita," "Hortus Inclusus," and "Unto This Last" runs through the entire week, the first two works being for the purpose of becoming familiar with the personality of an utterly exquisite and rare nature, the third for insight into his sociological and economic views. The inspiring and altogether sympathetic attitude of our leader in his rapid and masterly survey quickens and stimulates interest in a man whom he characterizes as "beautiful, sweet and wholly Christ-like in his life." If the world but realized what an inestimable privilege is here offered, how the capacity of Tower Hill would be taxed!

Incidentally, for our pleasure as well as our profit, our leader gives us evenings of stereopticon illustration; now it may be a wondrous series of Holbein pictures, and again leading figures in world history from Martin Luther to Ralph Waldo Emerson, and an alternate evening brings Mr. Joiner with his inimitable Pinery stories. And thus, set outwardly in the midst of nature-beauty altogether life-giving and inspiring, none the less are we borne daily into an inner world of beauty no less wondrous and altogether lasting and permanent.

Anne B. Mitchell.

Tower Hill, August 12, 1903.

Books by Jenkin Lloyd Jones

Bits of Wayside Gospel.	
First Series: Jess	$1.50
Second Series: A Search for An Infidel	1.50
Nuggets from a Welsh Mine	1.00
Death as a Friend	.10
The Selfishness of Grief .	.10
The Word of the Spirit. To the Nation, City, Church, Home, Individual	.50
The Faith that Makes Faithful, by *W. C. Gannett* and *Jenkin Lloyd Jones*. Silk cloth	.75
Paper	.25
Advice to Girls. From *John Ruskin*, with Lenten Sermon by *Jenkin Lloyd Jones*	.35

Sent postpaid on receipt of price by

UNITY PUBLISHING COMPANY
3939 LANGLEY AVENUE CHICAGO, ILL

BOOKS BY W. L. SHELDON

The Story of the Bible. From the Standpoint of Modern Scholarship . . . . . $ .30
Class Readings in the Bible. From the Standpoint of the Higher Criticism 50
Old Testament Bible Stories. A Basis for the Ethical Instruction of the Young . . . 1.00

Sent postpaid on receipt of price by

UNITY PUBLISHING CO., 3939 Langley Ave., Chicago.

NATURE BOOKS

At this season there is a demand which increases each year for books about

BIRDS, ANIMALS, FLOWERS, TREES AND OUTDOOR LIFE.

The Pilgrim Press Bookstore carries a full line of such books. See their general catalogue for titles and prices. Any book reviewed or advertised in any paper may always be obtained promptly and at the right price by addressing

THE PILGRIM PRESS
175 WABASH AVE., CHICAGO

NATURE BOOKS
RECOMMENDED BY JOHN BURROUGHS

By Florence Merriam Bailey.
A Birding on a Bronco.....$1.25
Birds of Village and Field..... 2.00
Birds Through an Opera Glass (Riverside)..... .75

By Frank M. Chapman.
Bird Life $2.00
Birds of Eastern North America..... 3.00
Bird Studies With Camera..... 1.75

By Fannie H. Eckstorm.
Woodpeckers $1.00

By Ernest Ingersoll.
Birds Nesting .....net $1.25
Habits of Animals..... 1.00
Wild Neighbors 1.50

By Bradford Torrey.
Everyday Birds, with colored illustrations.....$1.00
Footing It in Franconia.....net 1.10
Spring Notes From Tennessee..... 1.25
A Florida Sketch Book..... 1.25
The Foot-Path Way..... 1.25
Birds in the Bush..... 1.25
A Rambler's Lease..... 1.25

Any of the above sent postpaid on receipt of price by
UNITY PUBLISHING COMPANY, 3939 Langley Ave., Chicago.

HILLSIDE HOME SCHOOL
FOR GIRLS AND BOYS. HILLSIDE, WISCONSIN.

Every advantage for health, study and pleasure is enjoyed by the location on a farm in the country. Facilities for the study of science and nature that are not confined to text-books: Prepares for college and business. Classical, Scientific and English courses. Complete laboratories. An ideal combination of the privileges and pleasures of home with the advantages of a perfectly equipped school. Write for descriptive catalogue.

MISSES LLOYD-JONES, PRINCIPALS.

ARE YOU A
SUNDAY SCHOOL
TEACHER OR OFFICER?

If so, write for a free copy of a booklet setting forth a system of organization and records which constitutes a most wholesome incentive, increasing the attendance and enhancing the interest of Sunday school scholars wherever tried. :: Highly recommended by Pastors and Superintendents throughout the United States and Canada. In writing, give name of Superintendent and Secretary, size and denomination of School.

Address **Mrs. Mary G. Eastman, Oxford, Mich.**

LITTLE JOURNEYS to lake resorts and mountain homes will be more popular this summer than ever. Many have already arranged their summer tours via the

Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul

railway and many more are going to do likewise. Booklets that will help you to plan your vacation trip have been issued for those interested and will be sent on receipt of postage, as follows:

"Colorado-California," six cents.
"In Lakeland" and "Summer Homes," six cents.
"Lakes Okoboji and Spirit Lake," four cents.

F. A. MILLER, General Passenger Agent, Chicago.

50 YEARS' EXPERIENCE

PATENTS

TRADE MARKS
DESIGNS
COPYRIGHTS &C.

Anyone sending a sketch and description may quickly ascertain our opinion free whether an invention is probably patentable. Communications strictly confidential. Handbook on Patents sent free. Oldest agency for securing patents.

Patents taken through Munn & Co. receive *special notice*, without charge, in the

Scientific American.

A handsomely illustrated weekly. Largest circulation of any scientific journal. Terms, $3 a year; four months, $1. Sold by all newsdealers.

MUNN & Co. 361 Broadway, **New York**
Branch Office, 625 F St., Washington, D. C.

PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM
Cleanses and beautifies the hair. Promotes a luxuriant growth. Never Fails to Restore Gray Hair to its Youthful Color. Cures scalp diseases & hair falling. 50c. and $1.00 at Druggists

HAND SAPOLIO

Is especially valuable during the summer season, when outdoor occupations and sports are most in order.

GRASS STAINS, MUD STAINS AND CALLOUS SPOTS

yield to it, and it is particularly agreeable when used in the bath after violent exercise.

ALL GROCERS AND DRUGGISTS

GOOD BOARD IN COLORADO $8.00 A WEEK

The idea that it costs a "mint of money" to spend a vacation in Colorado is all wrong. On the contrary, it is a fact that no other summer resort state has so many moderate-priced hotels and boarding houses.

Comfortable places, where one can get splendid fare and excellent quarters for $8 to $10 a week are to be found in all sections of the state. Of course those who prefer to spend more can find hotels to suit their tastes.

The cost of a visit to Colorado will, of course, depend on the length of your stay. At Manitou, Colorado Springs and Glenwood Springs a good room and first-class board can be had for $14 a week and upward. During the summer months the strictly first-class hotels charge $17.50 a week, and in some cases $20, $25 and even $30. At all of Colorado's resorts are hotels which provide good accommodations for as little as $8 or $10 a week. Boarding houses ask even less—$25 to $35 a month. Excluding railroad fare to and from Colorado $75 is a liberal estimate of the cost of a month's stay in the mountains. In actual practice it is likely that the majority of the people who visit Colorado spend little more than $50 a month for their board, lodging and amusements.

Send for a free copy of our "Colorado Handbook"—it tells just what you want to know about the hotels and boarding houses.

P. S. EUSTIS,
209 Adams street, Chicago, Ill.
P. S. EUSTIS,
Passenger Traffic Manager.

THE NORTH-WESTERN LINE

$50 To California

and return

Daily August 1 to 14, Chicago to San Francisco and Los Angeles. Correspondingly low rates from all points. Variable routes, liberal time limits. The only double-track railway between Chicago and the Missouri River.

Special G. A. R. Train

will leave Chicago 10.30 p. m., August 11, with Pullman drawing-room and tourist sleeping cars through to San Francisco without change, through the most beautiful mountain scenery in the Rockies. Stop-overs en route.

Three fast daily trains from Chicago.

All agents sell tickets via this route. Write for maps, booklets and special train itineraries.

W. B. KNISKERN, P. T. M.
CHICAGO, ILL.

NW56

Meadville Theological School

Meadville, Pennsylvania.

Founded, 1844.
New Endowments.
No Doctrinal Tests.
Modern Program.
Ample Equipment.
Thorough Training for College Graduates. Special provision for others.

Send for Catalogue to
President F. C. Southworth

ONLY ⅓ OF A DAY
BETWEEN
CHICAGO
AND
CINCINNATI
VIA THE

MONON ROUTE

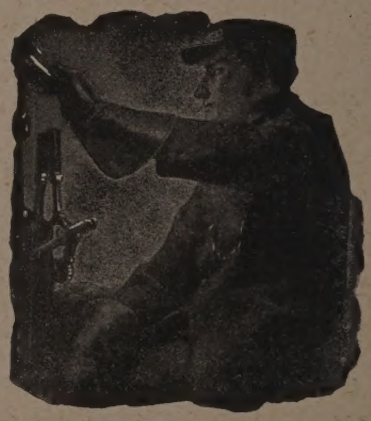
and C. H. & D. Ry.

Choice of 4 Superb Trains Daily.

DAY TRAINS Equipped with Parlor and Dining Cars.

NIGHT TRAIN, with Palace Sleeping and Compartment Cars.

CHAS. H. ROCKWELL, Traffic Manager. FRANK J. REED, Gen. Pass. Agt.
200 Custom House Place, CHICAGO.



THE "ALTON'S" ENGINEER

IF YOU WISH TO HAVE A NICE HALF-TONE ENGRAVING, 4½x3 INCHES, OF THE ABOVE PICTURE, SEND FOUR CENTS IN STAMPS TO

GEO. J. CHARLTON,
GENERAL PASSENGER AGENT, CHICAGO & ALTON RAILWAY, CHICAGO, ILL.

Spend Your Vacation

at one of the many summer resorts reached by the Wisconsin Central Railway. Waukesha, Waupaca, Fifield and one hundred other resorts are reached by the Wisconsin Central Railway. Write for finely illustrated booklets, which are free on application to

JAS. C. POND, G. P. A., W. C. Ry.
MILWAUKEE - - - WIS.